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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 3, 1901. NUMBER 5

## The Wit and Wisdom of Jesus.

Just published; and from its unique value the volume must quickly make for itself a warm place in the hearts of many readers.

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Contents: Introduction. 1. Humor Versus Criticism. 2. Life-Sketches: Turning "Men's Ears Into Eyes." 3. Misunderstood. 4. Kindred and Neighbors. 5. Pithy Sayings and Retorts. 6. Opposition and Quotation. 7. Miracles; Practical Religion. 8. Vanquished Craft. 9. Hypocrisy and Self-Righteousness. 10. Closing of the Conflict. Conclusion.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

# A Search for An Infidel

A SEQUEL TO JESS:

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Twelve delightful essays dellvered by the author generally on return from his summer holidays.
The *"Living Church,"* Milwaukee.

I am glad you wrote "Jess" and the other book.—Anonymous Correspondent.

For saints and sinners of every kind, inspired by charity and common sense.—*"Telegraph,"* Philadelphia.

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Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who not long ago sent among the readers of the world his "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has turned out another equally interesting, instructive and refreshing book. Refreshing, because it is one of the best vacation volumes that can be carried into the country. Its title may not be the happiest that could have been chosen, but after all, it is not likely that "A Search For an Infidel" will be rewarded by finding one. It may properly be deemed a nature book, for it is full of lessons, the objects of which are within the reach as well as the comprehension of every reader. How to make vacation profiitable mentally, morally and religiously is the aim of the author. He has succeeded wonderfully in harnessing objects and facts as the bases of his exquisite diction. The book takes the form of sermons—sermons with such starting points as "The Spade and the Pruning Hook," "The Dead Tree," "The Gospel of the Desert," "Water," "The Night Blooming Cereus," "Voices of the Night, a "Sunday on the Sea," "Guide Boards," and the "Everlasting Love." There is just enough of practical theology in these pages to indicate that there is practical religion in the world. The style is broad enough to suit every desire, and there is neither liberal or pious cant in its phraseology to mar its usefulness. No reader who starts in this "Search for an Infidel" will fail to be richer in the appreciation of what we call vacation time by what he captures, even if he does not come up with the infidel.—*"Eagle,"* Brooklyn.

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Unity Publishing Company :: 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

# UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1901. NUMBER 5

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement on our front page. It is of a book that deserves the notice in our columns it has not yet received. It is one of the editorial slips that will sometimes happen from too much care as well as from too little. The very title of the book is refreshing; Mr. Buckley has put his life into it, and the reader will find its pages replete with evidence of careful research, loving appreciation and what is better still real insight that enables one to read between the lines and see behind the text of the New Testament. We hope soon to be able to publish a deliberate estimate of the book from a competent hand.

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The Chicago *Tribune* is rendering great service to the science of government in carefully preserving the records of the cases of lynching in the United States. The figures from 1881 to 1901 show a total of 3,130 persons lynched; of these 51 were women, 1,678 were negroes, 801 white, 21 Indians, 9 Chinese, and 7 Mexicans. The high water mark of this wickedness was reached in 1892, when there were 236 put to death in defiance of law. Although the great majority of this violence was perpetrated in the Southern states, Mississippi leading in the infamous business, there are but seven states not included in the ghastly list. And still the police are frantically hunting for anarchists and report themselves baffled in the search.

---

J. Pierpont Morgan has fitted out, to take to the Episcopal convention in San Francisco, a train de luxe that is a palace on wheels. It consists of six parlor coaches. One hundred of the most prominent clergymen in the East will go as Mr. Morgan's guests. The magnate is bearing all the expense. Each delegate that has the good luck to form one of the party will live as a millionaire does en route. Costly fruits and wines, expensive foods and choice cigars lurk in the chef's quarters. Mr. Morgan is a lay delegate himself. He will entertain the delegates at the Crocker mansion in San Francisco. Table linen, silver and supplies of all kinds have been sent to San Francisco for the equipment of the Crocker mansion, and servants have been especially selected.

So runs the telegraphic dispatches of a daily paper. And still the attendance at our divinity schools is on the decline. Perhaps there is something more alluring to young men than prospects of being cosseted in such a way by the multi-millionaires. Maybe they fail to trace the apostolic succession that leads from the meek and lowly Nazarene who had no place whereon to lay his head, and Paul the tent-maker, to those for whom table linen and silver are to be shipped from New York to San Francisco.

---

Rev. Joseph A. Vance, of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church of Chicago, was no alarmist last Sunday, but spoke the sober word of wisdom, as every student of history in a large way will realize. When preaching from Agur's prayer, he said:

Were the gaunt form of famine stalking through our land I should put the emphasis on the other part of the prayer. But our nation is not feeling the hurt of poverty today. If there is such a thing as "the peril of plenty," now is the day for us to consider it. Poverty can do badly by a man, but plenty can do worse. Poverty can make a man a thief and a blasphemer, but plenty can make a man forget God. The peril of plenty is atheism, not theoretical, but practical atheism, becoming so rich and increased with goods that we think we have need of nothing, and our consciousness of God fades away. What is to be the fate of America? Are we to last and do a work for God worthy of such a nation and the chance we have? Or will we awake a few centuries from now to find that in our era of greatest prosperity the cancer of practical atheism has eaten to our nation's vitals? Some one said not long ago, "the nineteenth century began with 3,000,000 of people who loved liberty, and it closed with 79,000,000 of people who love money." Can it be true? Can our lives prove it to be false? God teach us and help us to teach our children to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," to build our altar midway between greed and cant, and pray there the prayer of this sane and pious Hebrew.

---

In the death of Dr. William C. Gray, which occurred in Oak Park last Sunday, the editorial fraternity of Chicago has lost one of its oldest and most vigorous representatives and the Presbyterian Church has lost a unique leader. When Dr. Gray assumed the editorial management of the *Interior* thirty years ago it was a great innovation for a layman to assume editorial charge of a religious weekly. And doubtless his striking success has resulted in the induction of many laymen into such positions since his day. Perhaps this is the reason why the *Interior* has probably been an exceptional denominational organ all these years, because in temper and in thought it has always been in advance of the denomination it served. While holding the confidence and enjoying, we suspect to a marked degree, the patronage of the Presbyterians of the west, it has been a free critic of their methods and their conclusions. Dr. Gray was a liberal man in the best sense of that word, the only sense in which it is worth while to use the word. He believed in innovation, he expected progress, he felt the modifying and changing forces of his times. It was only a shrewd business sagacity that kept him from being a prophet. He opposed the trying for heresy of David Swing. He defended the more equivocal theological laxity of Dr. Hillis. He was a genial citizen and lived on familiar terms with Unitarian, Universalist and Jew as well as with Baptist and Methodist. Born on a farm he never lost the ruggedness and simplicity of his early training. His education was such as a poor boy could secure from one or two of the minor colleges of Ohio, though his achievements in later years brought him the honorary titles of Ph. D. and LL. D. from the schools of his denomination. In the death of Dr. Gray UNITY and its editors have lost a genial friend and a cordial neighbor.

---

The National Party Convention, which convenes in Chicago October 8, 9 and 10, promises to be a meeting of great representative ability, as it is one of great importance. The program is carefully prepared and contains upwards of fifty numbers. The names of those who are to take part indicate its cosmopolitan and international character. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, president of the Anti-Saloon League, is to give

the address of welcome. Among the topics to be discussed are the following: "Boys' Temptations," "White Slave Traffic in Europe," "The Incorrigible Child," "Parental Responsibility," "The Evangel of the New Century," "White Cross Work," "The Cigarette," "Moralizing vs. Demoralizing Amusements," "Municipality and Vice," "Teaching Purity in the Schools," "The Care of Dependent Children," "The Relation Between Modern Social Vice and Ancient Sex Worship," "Impurity and Intemperance," "Improved Dress a Help to Pure Life," with many other topics of kindred interest. Among the many speakers announced are the names of Mrs. Terrell, president of the National Association of Colored Women; Madam C. Klerck of Holland, W. A. Coote of London, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Grannis of New York City; Mr. Frank Moss, bor, Mich.; ate Waller Barrett, Washington, D. C.; bour, Mich.; Kate Waller Barrett, Washington, D. C.; Rev. M. B. Gott, New York City; Rev. B. S. Steadwell, La Crosse, Wis.; Dr. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Virginia T. Smith, Hartford, Conn.; A. H. Lewis, D. D., Plainfield, N. J.; M. Minod, Geneva, Switzerland; Mrs. May Wright Sewell, Indianapolis; Helen S. Dyer, late of Bombay; the Editor of UNITY, and others.

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We have more than once called attention to the fact that Chicago is in danger of adding another verification to the sad comment of Jesus that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," in its treatment of the memory of David Swing and the absence thus far of any worthy monument of that gentle life in the social, educational and spiritual realms of Chicago. We are all the more glad to make room for the following extract from a memorial sermon preached last Sunday by the Rev. Joseph F. Newton, of Dixon, Illinois, as printed in the *Record-Herald,* Chicago:

> The approaching anniversary of the death of David Swing makes it appropriate that we express our appreciation of his service to the cause of spiritual religion.
>
> No list of great preachers would be complete without the name of David Swing. Beecher, Brooks and Swing will henceforth be linked together in the grateful and venerative recollection of America. In the highest sense of the word David Swing was an ideal teacher of religion. To this high office he brought all the resources of scholarship, all the witcheries of genius, all the fascination of personality, and the eloquence of a beautiful character. The secret of the influence of David Swing, the witchery of the charm of him, was his power of spiritual insight, his clairvoyance of eternal realities. There existed in him intellect, critical and constructive, with an eye for reality and with the power to reach it. He was, indeed, a seer—one who could see the majesty and quickness of the eternal amid the shows and shadows of life.
>
> David Swing gave his eloquence to the cause of universal religion, because his mind could see those principles which underlie all creeds and which overarch all sects, more easily than it could see the petty dogmas of sectarian theology.
>
> David Swing was the embodiment of that spirit of humanity for which our age is distinguished. It is appropriate to call him a great humanist. He judged man by his heredity from God together with the inherent nobility of his nature. The dogmas of theology, the creeds of the church, the discoveries of science, he discussed in the light of this new spirit of humanity. Religion he studied as it stood in the service of human character. If a human brother was ill-treated, the voice of the preacher was quick and eloquent in protest. "We must all hope much from the gradual progress of brotherly love," he wrote in his unfinished sermon, and laid down his pen to join the brotherhood invisible. He loved man because he saw the image of God in the human soul, inwrought and indelible. The name of David Swing must be inscribed among the great spiritual geniuses our native land has produced—a fame wreathed with the garlands of peace and beauty.

Two articles in the September *Atlantic* particularly commend themselves to the students of the public weal. One is by Lyman P. Powell entitled "Ten Years of University Extension," which sets forth facts and figures of a most significant character; a careful compilation of figures indicates that about two thousand courses of six or more lectures each have been given in three hundred and ninety-eight different centers with a total attendance on courses of about three hundred thousand. These and many other suggestive figures seem to justify the concluding paragraph:

> "No city is so great, no village so insignificant, but that University Extension has created in it new ideals in literature and life, and stimulated many a soul to clearer thinking and to saner living. Now at last America understands that education knows no age limit, that liberal studies ought to last as long as life itself. Never can this truth which University Extension has demonstrated be forgotten."

The other article of peculiar significance is the one entitled "The Future of Political Parties," by Charles A. Conant. Mr. Conant is the Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* and of the Springfield *Republican,* and seems to have the gift, too rare, of holding the existing political parties off at arm's length and discovering the forces lying back of them and working through them, what is still better, discovering the real issues in American politics today regardless of party issues, great issues, that ruthlessly cut across party lines. He says:

> "Recent events have created new issue, which seem likely to shape the policies of the two great parties in the United States for many years to come, and give to each a definite and clear-cut political programme. One of these parties seems destined to stand for a strong government, seeking national greatness through a resolute foreign policy and the expansion of colonial empire; the other seems destined to champion some of those measures of state socialism which have already obtained a firm footing in Europe, with the aim of insuring to the masses of the people equality of economy and social opportunity. In a sense ,the two political parties have represented these ideas from the days of Hamilton and Jefferson; but a radical change has recently taken place in the issues treated as paramount, and in the methods by which those issues are advocated."

If the reader is startled by this sharp antagonism and is repelled from both ends of the dilemma he may find a sedative to his nerves in "Notes on the Reaction" by "An Emersonian Democrat" found a little farther along in the same magazine.

---

## Getting Down to Work.

The vacation distractions are wearing off. The excitement of the summer change is passing. The refreshment, let us hope, remains. Probably the preacher and his work in the church is the last to get down to business after the vacation. But by the first of October even in our larger cities the forces are pretty well marshaled and the tasks of the year are taken up. Happy is the minister who has his plans well developed and well is it for the society who has been taken into the minister's confidence, who knows his plans and has an opportunity of working *with* him. More and more necessary is a program in the life of a modern church. The very division of labor necessitates the careful selection and the wise co-ordination implied in a program well worked out. But any program that is confined to the internal life of one society and the routine work of one congregation is an unworthy one to a minister in this age. He is the pastor of a larger circle than can be enumerated in his church book and

the minister of a cause too large to be represented by any geographical organization. The autumn is the season of conferences and conventions, the winter the time of lectures, essays and civic activities.

We print in this number a suggestive and searching address by Mr. Gannett of Rochester. It was first given as the installation sermon of Paul R. Frothingham as minister of the Arlington Street Church in Boston about a year ago. It was last given in the series of Tent Evangelist week-night services held in connection with the Pan-American Exposition, during the meeting of the Congress of Religion, and it deserves to be carefully studied by all ministers before they make out their year's program of work.

This address of Mr. Gannett was originally intended as a message to the Unitarians, but it is a message that appeals with equal directness to all ministers who desire to keep in touch with the noblest spirit of the age in which they live. He spoke it first to the church of which William Ellery Channing was once minister, and the preacher's father, Ezra Stiles Gannett, was colleague.

In a prefatory word in the pamphleted edition, Mr. Gannett says: "This Church had much to do in virtue of both of its ministers with the rise and organization of Unitarianism as a separate church in America. Separation from the faith of the forefathers was a necessity in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Reconciliation in religion is the need of the twentieth century. The ways of faith are converging again and modern society groans and travails in distress and in peril for want of the work to be done by a Reconciled Church. The sermon was an expression of hope that Channing's Church might lead in the movement for fellowship even as it once did in the movement for freedom in religion."

This suggests to our mind the highest task and the noblest opportunity of all churches. The autumnal rallies of the denominations will fail to reach the heart or touch the needs of their representatives if the cry is simply a denominational one. The one hundred and forty-eight Christian sects in the United States cannot all be justified of the future however they may have been justified of the past. The call is for a ministry of reconciliation, an era of self forgetfulness and when needs be of self immolation on the part of the sectarian churches.

The denominations cannot be expected to give up their lives, but individual churches in the denominations will here and there merge, and more often retire, in the interest of the fusion that will do better work for the country.

The twentieth century is to witness if we are not mistaken a mighty synthesis in religion, some new catholicism that will represent the communal life of the spirit. The co-operation of morals is coming and if minister and church on Sunday and weekday, in pulpit, Sunday School, Bible class and club room want to get down to the divinest work they will apply themselves to this ministry of reconciliation and strive to build up a new fraternity among the denominations. Having found freedom let them now convert it into fellowship that character may abound more abundantly.

How to advance this work? What is there for the indivdual church to do? will be considered at another time.

## GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

PAUL HAMILTON HOYNE.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. His English progenitors settled in Charleston in early colonial days and furnished patriots and statesmen to America. After graduation from Charleston College, he adopted literature as his profession, and became editor of the *Literary Monthly Magazine*. He served through the Civil War on Governor Pickens' staff. When war swept away his library and in fact all his property, he settled in the "Pine Barrens" of Georgia, where he lived practically in exile until his death.

### Aspects of the Pines.

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams,
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might,
Borne from the West when cloudless day declines—
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

II.

### October.

Afar from the city, its cark and care—
Thank God! I am cosily seated here,
On this night of hale October;
While the flames leap high on the roaring hearth,
And voices, the dearest to me on earth,
Ring out in the music of household mirth,
For the time is blithe October!

There's something—but what I can scarce divine—
Perchance 'tis the breath like a potent wine,
Of the cordial, clear October,
Which makes, when the jovial month comes round,
The life-blood bloom, and the pulses bound,
And the soul spring forth like a monarch crown'd—
God's grace on the brave October!

Come, sweetheart! open your choicest bin,
For who, I would marvel, could deem it sin,
On this night of keen October,
To quaff one health to his ruddy cheer,
On the golden edge of the waning year,
To his eyes so bright, and his cheeks so clear,
Our bluff "King Hal"—October?

Away with Rhenish and light champagne!
'Tis not in these we must pledge the reign
Of the stout old lord, October;
But in mighty stouts of the "mountain dew,"
With "beads" like tears in an eye of blue,
But tears of a laughter, sound and true,
As thine honest heart, October!

He brought me love and he brought me health,
He brought me all but the curse of wealth,
This kindly and free October;
And forever and aye I will bless his name,
While his winds blow fresh and his sunsets flame.
And the whole earth burns with his crimson fame,
This prince of the months—October!

## The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

### The New Orthodoxy, the New Unitarianism, and the New Universialism—Should they be Three or One?

*An Address Delivered in the Tent Evangelist, Buffalo, June 28, 1900, by William C. Gannett, of Buffalo.*

There is a New Orthodoxy. The signs of it are in all directions. It is not merely a popular liberal preacher, or a heresy trial, or a magazine article, though all of these abound. Modification is acknowledged by the staunchest conservatives. In private talk there are quiet confessions. In preaching, a transfer of emphasis from doctrine to ethics. Frank criticism and repudiation of creeds are rife. Half of the Unitarian ministers probably come from Orthodox homes, and many from Orthodox pulpits; and a similar thing is true of the pews; with but little return-migration. Still more significant is the constant attempt on the part of those who have no thought of migration to restate the old truths of Christianity in terms that the mind, the heart, the conscience of today can accept. Book after book makes the eager attempt, and the very titles lean forward: "Old Faiths in New Lights," "The Freedom of Faith," "The Expansion of Religion," "The Larger Christ," "The Christ of Today," "The New Epoch of Faith," "Faiths of an Evolutionist," "Reconstruction in Theology." These books of the New Orthodoxy already make a splendid row on the shelf. There may be mist in their thought and a blurring of phrase on their pages, but what yearnings for the new erections of faith which shall take the place of the old now falling in ruin! And each new book of the kind distances the last in jubilant gladness for escape from that ruin. It is in Orthodox books today, not in Unitarian, that one reads denunciations of Orthodoxy. It is Prof. Briggs, of Presbyterian fame and Episcopal welcome, who says that the Protestant creeds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been generally cast aside as inadequate, and in a few years will have no authority. It is Prof. Paine, of the Congregational Divinity School at Bangor, who appalls his fellow-professors with plain speaking about the "Evolution of Trinitarianism." It is Gordon and Munger who use such words as "godless," "mechanical," "magical," "tritheistic," of the Orthodoxy of their immediate fathers.

Nor books only,—whole conventions make the attempt to reformulate faith. The "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" is even now echoing in the air from that nobly joyous Presbyterian Assembly, which decided a few weeks ago to explain the more ominous clauses of the Westminster Confession and to restate the whole in a new summary of faith. No church is exempt. There is a "Broad Church" element in every sect; a general groping-forward movement. It is true, of course, that the larger masses of Orthodoxy drag behind; but true, also, that the heresy line is constantly shifting, and always in one direction. Yesterday's panic positions are to-day's permitted positions, and tomorrow's platitudes. Liberal Christianity is found in solution, if not in crystallized form, is found budding, if not flowering, in all the Orthodoxies today.

There is also a New Unitarianism, and a New Universalism. Universalism recast its old formula two years ago, and the recasting of a formula always indicates change greater still in the faith. As for Unitarianism, that is not Unitarianism which is not ever *newing* itself. It has always called itself a "movement." Its Year-Book fresh this summer heads a short list of "chief contributors to the developing faith" with the names of its chief heretics as late as 1870—Emerson, Parker.

Now, conditions being today what they are, this question emerges: The New Orthodoxy, the New Universalism, and the New Unitarianism,—should they be three or one? The true answer, I think, lies in fewer words than the question. *Reconciliation should be the key-note of twentieth century religion.* Not the controverting of error, not even the discovery of truth, but reconciliation among truth-seekers,—is not this the special demand of our day in the things of religion?

To say this implies no rebuke for a different key-note two or three generations ago. In the early part of the last century the burden was laid on one group of our fathers to vindicate against the honest, determined attack of another group, two supreme truths—the goodness of God, and man's right to the free use of his reason and conscience in religion, whatever the claims of authority, whatever the sanctities of tradition. As is often the case, those Unitarian and Universalist fathers of ours were not fully aware of the greatness of their commission, and before long were innocently recreant to it, settling down into orthodoxies of their own. They thought themselves charged to maintain a theological doctrine, the Unity of God, as opposed to his Trinity; to defend the interpretation of Bible revelation by reason; and to open a moral battery against the unethical ethics at that time enthroned in the God of Calvanism. In reality they were doing something far more important than even this last; they were *keeping open the road of the soul for advance in whatever direction the Spirit of God might lead.* They were the spiritual descendants of Luther,—of Luther the young and protesting, not Luther the old and affrighted; the continuators of the interior protest in Protestantism, the defenders of the disowned and vilified essence of the whole Protestant movement. The cost of their loyalty was the break between the Puritan and the Liberal elements in New England Congregationalism; that break in the early part of our last century, which was one of the tragic predestinations of New England history. But thereby the road of the Soul was kept open for advance wherever the Spirit of God might lead. What radiant consequences have followed both in religion and in theology! When we hear the generous voices of Orthodox leaders of today and the near yesterdays—such men as Robertson in England, as Bushnell and Beecher and Gordon and Hyde and Munger and Gladden and Abbott and Heber Newton in America, recounting with gratitude the debts of the New Orthodoxy to the Liberal movement or its leaders,* the blood-

*"Meager in its conception of God, poor in its Christology, . . destined, it would seem, to be absorbed in a larger and deeper theology, . . yet the Unitarian protest was wholesome, magnificent, providential. . . It vindictaed the real Fatherhood of God, . . the real, and therefore the divine, humanity of our Lord, . . the universal human sonship, . . the divine worth of human nature, . . and salvation as a moral process under the spirit of God." So writes Mr. Gordon. (Scattered sentences from "The Christ of Today," pp. 36, 37, 70, 178; and "The New Epoch of Faith," p. 286.) And again: "Unitarianism is uncertain in its theology, vague and ineffectual in its Christology. Its great and enduring service is that it has recalled the churches of New England to the Christian view of man." (from his *Northampton Address at the Jonathan Edwards Memorial.*)

"I cannot think that the Unitarian system of theology will survive; but its insistence on a simplicity of faith, and on a substitution of ethico-spiritual for dogmatic tests of character, has made itself felt in every Christian Church." Thus Lyman Abbott (The *Forum*, for August, 1897).

"The Unitarian revolt was in its essence ethical. It was not the metaphysics of the Godhead that caused the rupture so much as it was the elements of defective morality held fast in the ancient dogmas. . . The Unitarians fought a good fight for an ethical theology, and the Orthodox are as much obliged to them for improvements in their own doctrines as England is obliged to our Revolutionary fathers for teaching her the meaning of freedom." Thus Washington Gladden (in his Brooklyn Address in memory of Dr. Storrs, Dec. 18, 1900).

And Heber Newton, summing up the essentials of original

children of that movement may well thank God, with these friends, for Channing and Ballou and the men who stood by their side, keeping open the road of the Soul.

But Channing and Ware and Ballou and their comrades were of yesterday. Since their day forces have gradually come into play in which Unitarianism and Universalism are lost as the day-star is lost in the morning. No longer to Phosphor but to the Sun, when he rises, do men sing the psalm. What forces? Science, expanding, deepening, subtilizing the meaning of Nature, and therefore the meaning of "God"; Historic Criticism, revising all our ideas concerning the religions and Bibles of man; Commerce and Travel and the Diffusion of Books, widening the human fellowships; the great Democratic Movement of the century, enhancing the value of the individual and the dignity of human nature; and the great Socialistic Movement, in which we are living today and learning what human brotherhood means and demands. When we name such forces as these, we almost forget that there *is* such a thing as "Unitarianism" or "Universalism." Profoundly we feel that they mark, not make, the great Liberal movement in Christianity. No church, no religion, can wholly resist forces so potent as these. And every one of these forces has tended to bring men together in mind, in heart, in practical life. They are forces of Fellowship, of Confederation, of Union; and they work to this end in religion as everywhere else. Without tracing the history of their influence inside the churches, I would state three results of their influence there.

(1) Among all the encouraging signs in religion today, what is the most promising tendency? *The domination of Doctrine by Principles.* We witness this domination of Principles and subordination of Doctrine in quarters of Christendom where there is little confessed abatement as yet of the old rigidities. In many a church men who little realize what the word *Freedom* involves are today insisting on Freedom of mind and of conscience as the only right method of deciding what is true in religion. In many a church men whose heart rationalizes their head — and the number is legion—are bridging the chasms of different creed and sect with the spirit of *Fellowship.* In many a church today men, half-conscious that what they say bursts their old confessions of faith in twain, are openly proclaiming that Character, not creed, is the only true test of religion. And in all churches today—the Orthodox, perhaps, now lead the Liberals in this—men are insisting that the aim in religion is *Service,* that is, social, not personal, salvation. Freedom the method in religion, in place of authority and tradition; Fellowship the spirit in religion, in place of sectarianism; Character the test in religion, instead of ritual or creed; and Salvation of Others the aim in religion, instead of salvation of self,—these are not "doctrines" about God or Christ or the Bible or life after death; they are intellectual and moral "principles." The distinction is not exact, but is plain enough. They are the Four Great Principles of the Liberal Faith, which are beginning to dominate doctrines in the churches of Christendom. They are familiar to Unitarians, our old characteristic emphases. But today three of the four—exception as yet must be made of the second—are emphasized no more strongly by us than by many an eloquent voice in the Orthodox churches. They are the principles shared by all Liberals, whatever their church be called. To hold them supreme in religion makes one a "Liberal," whether he be Jew or Christian, whether Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist.

Here, indeed, is the open gate for the ministry of Reconciliation. Here *is* Reconciliation already in large measure. And it is mainly a growth of this last generation. Let the emphasis on Freedom, Fellowship, Character and Service in religion increase for another thirty years as fast as it has in the last thirty, and what will the general answer be to our question: The New Orthodoxy, the New Universalism and the New Unitarianism—should they be three or one?

(2) I call this domination of Doctrine by Principles the most promising sign in the heaven of religion today. But look, next, at the approach of the churches to each other in Doctrine itself. May we not summarize the result of the last century's change in doctrine thus? The rehabilitation of God as the Father; the installation of Man as his son, invested with the dignity of a nature divine in its origin; reliance on the Soul as the natural Sinai and Bethlehem of religion; the appreciation of Jesus as most truly divine because most truly human; the application of human ethics to cool the lavas of Hell; the return of the Bible to literature; the recognition that all religions are of one family, and that "religion unites those whom theology divides." If this be a fair summing-up of the change, observe again that this general result, from beginning to end, has been reached by Liberal Orthodoxy as well as by Unitarians or Universalists. Many Orthodox men would say, As fully as by them; and that the professed Liberals, though something may be credited to us as pioneers, have really had little to do with the matter. As to that last, we may agree with them; and yet, when such men as Abbott and Gordon carefully temper their gratitude for our contributions to faith by reminding us that, as Unitarians, we must prepare to engage in a serious meditation on death, we—possibly not differing with them as to this, either—can hardly help noting how nearly their own summaries of their New Orthodoxy are, point by point, just Unitarianism or Universalism *with the copyright run out,* as Mr. Chadwick puts it for short. It is really hard for us to state anything that they do not believe; and, with two exceptions, not easy for them to state faiths that we do not believe. So close already is the approximation of thought.

And consider these two exceptions, wherein the New Orthodoxy is fain to differentiate itself most strongly from Liberals confessed,—the thought of the Christ, and that of the Cross.

The New Orthodoxy is "Christo-centric." Is it not plain that the *more* "Christo-centric" it becomes, that is, the more "Christ" becomes to it the symbol of the All-Creative, Immanent Power, operating in physical Nature, in History, and in the personal Soul, so much the more the difference between this Christ and the Being whom we call "Our Father" reduces itself to a difference of *name?* Should difference in name, in symbol, work divorce in religion? There are Trinities, if one value such computation and term, which all of us can believe in, and all of us do. At the same time this centric Christ of the New Orthodoxy is increasingly *human.* There is no doubt of that. Our alien emphasis on the "humanity of Christ" is one of the contributions for which gratitude is specifically lavished upon us. The Liberal Orthodox mind reckons divinity in terms of humanity just as Unitarians do, for the human mind cannot do otherwise; but it is the increasing delight of the New Orthodoxy to do this with reference to Christ. Now from our side: shallow in mind and contracted of heart is that Unitarian or Universalist who does not increasingly recognize "In-

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Unitarianism as "the unqualified right of freedom of inquiry in religion, the ultimate authority of reason, the divineness of man, the humanity of Jesus, the unity of God, and the moral perfection of God," shows at length and with elaborate candor what large service these emphases rendered in the improvement of Orthodoxy. (In the *Christian Register* for Feb. 9 and 16, 1899.)

If such judgments are trustworthy, whether Unitarianism be destined to die or to live, these are certainly radiant results for Christian theology of the liberal movement that began three generations ago.

carnation" as one of the supreme words of religion, ranking next to "God" itself in majesty of significance. Are we evolutionists? Evolution appropriates the thought "incarnation" as its mystical synonym. Evolution opens our eyes to behold incarnation in mounting stages of life, the universe through. Evolution presses the word incarnation on our lips, and shrines the awe of the fact in our hearts.

So, also, in regard to the Cross or Vicarious Atonement, the other great half of the Christo-centric theology. The New Orthodoxy, like ourselves, is more than beginning to recognize Vicarious Atonement as a law of the Universe, while claiming, of course, that Jesus' death on the cross is the supreme example and type of the law. This "law" of vicariousness is that "no one liveth, and no one dieth, unto himself"; that, first or last, the sin of one becomes the woe of many, and the virtue of one the blessing and joy of many; and, further, that by means of this fellowship of unearned peace and unearned penalty God is slowly uplifting the race, *at-one*-ing it with himself. Nature is the great "socialist," and this her mighty method of social salvation, her process by which the kingdom of heaven comes on the earth. Let a man, accepting this law to the full, willingly yield up his life for truth and his brothers (Jesus' "joy," you remember), and we face the most potent spiritualizing force in history. Then is ideal sonship of God made real. Then is the Love at the heart of the Universe certified. Such sonship is repeatedly witnessed: to see but one Christ in history is not to see him, as to know but one Bible is not to know that. The Cross is another of the universal symbols,—symbol of self-sacrifice everywhere fulfilling itself in widening salvation. Again our question presses: Where two souls, gazing on this law, are bowed in common awe before it, should differing stress on one historic illustration of the law, even if unique in pathos and historic influence,—should this work divorce in religion?

(3) Not merely these doctrines of Incarnation and Atonement, but all the old doctrines are undergoing similar expansion and transfiguration. To study the curves of doctrine in the recent past is to learn somewhat concerning its curves in the future: and such study reveals a third very promising tendency in the religion of today. It is the tendency to treat old doctrines, so far as they survive, as *symbols,* no longer as *definitions,* of truth in religion. Great emancipation of mind, great spiritualization of thought, lies in that difference,—doctrine not definition, but symbol, of truth. Definitions are rigid,—symbols elastic. Definitions petrify, — symbols evaporate. Definitions divide, — symbols tend to unite. Arrange two parallel lists, one containing the popular doctrines of Christianity in their old and well-known forms, the other the enlarged and transfigured forms in which both Liberal Orthodoxy and the Unitarians are believing those doctrines today; and notice how many of the "definitions"—for such they have been—of the first list, are becoming mere "symbols" for the corresponding ennobled ideas of the second list.

| *Old Forms* | *New Forms* |
|---|---|
| God over all | God in all |
| The One-in-Three | The One-in-All |
| God incarnate in Christ,—a dated event in history | God incarnate in Humanity, —a ceaseless process of creation |
| Revelation an outward, meteoric, miraculous thing. | Religion, through all its reaches of vision, a natural evolution within the Soul |
| The Bible the source of, and the final authority for, truth | Man's Soul the source of Bibles: God in the Soul the source of authority |
| The Fall of Man | The Ascent of Man from brute conditions |
| Original Sin | Heredity |
| Election | Heredity, again, and Environment |
| Total Depravity | Human Nature incomplete |
| Sin | Sin still,—the same old thing Two courses being open, one felt to be morally higher, one morally lower, "Sin" was, and it is, the conscious, deliberate choice of the lower. The same old thing, but with better understanding of its natural history. |
| Forgiveness, the pardoning act of an offended Deity | The Peace of the humbled Soul returning to the Right,—a moral *law* |
| Vicarious Atonement | Vicariousness another universal law,—the result of human solidarity; the outcome being mankind's gradual ascent to higher life |
| Regeneration a crisis, and Salvation a process completed | The Right becoming one's accepted law; the outcome being ever greater abundance of life |
| Future Judgment | Moral Cause and Consequence, always and everywhere operative |
| Heaven a prize, Hell a penalty, both of them localized and future | Heaven and Hell, states of the Soul,—its peace and its pang, in this life and all lives |

Such an arrangement as this—you can make one yourselves and better my parallels—is anything but an arraignment of old Orthodoxy. It is a bright page from the century's chronicle of evolution in theology. The fact, the truth, is immensely more than men dreamed; and the old doctrine, not good enough now to define, is still held good enough to suggest, being not so much untrue as not true enough for the vision and faith of today. The events on which faith used to center and base as exceptions, as unique, are seen now as instances, as illustrations of law. Is it right to care more for the illustration, however glorious, than for the law? What was it Jesus said about "the gold, and the Temple that sanctifieth the gold"? All those old doctrines evolved by the child-mind of Christendom are like kindergarten object-lessons, concrete, dramatized, pictured and colored; natural enough at the time of their advent; and for centuries serviceable, truth-suggesting. But in each case the child's kindergarten object-lesson has now opened into a whole chapter of Nature. Thanking God for his lesson, shall we shut heart to his chapter? The object-lesson, once doctrine, now symbol, may, or may not, be discarded in time,—the truth held in it will only grow plainer. While the symbol survives,—frankly as symbol, not more,—new expansions of meaning may rise in it. And whereas the old theology as attempted scientific "definition" of truth has been doomed, and is doomed, to divide men, as "symbol" of truth, as a poetry of the Soul for infinite laws and ineffable realities, it may even tend to reconcile and unite men.

When we think of these beautiful expansions of the old dogmas of Christendom so fast emerging of late in the churches around us, does it not seem as if we were entering upon the Liberal Orthodox Age? Liberal Orthodoxy is going to be a vastly larger body and force than its Come-outers. In the great seasons of history "Unitarianism" and "Universalism" will by and by be recognized as premature forms of Liberal Orthodoxy; and this last, as we know it today, as but a primitive form of the great Liberal movement within Christianity. Orthodoxy is bound to grow more and more liberal. It will become, as it much needs to become, more honest, more bravely outspoken, less afraid to identify its cause with the cause of its heretic. But I think the word will not be, "This is Unitarianism" or "Universalism," but rather "Unitarianism, Universalism, is this." Are we ready for that, my brethren,—ready, denominationally, to accept the life-condition of Jesus, "He that loseth his life for my sake," for man's sake, "shall find it"? The smaller

should not name the larger; the dawn does not name the day; for the dawn does not make the day; it marks it, heralds it, ushers it in, announces it. That is what Unitarianism and Universalism have done for the New Orthodoxy. They have been the pioneer force, breaking the paths, and bearing the brunt of advance, of attacks, of mistakes, of perils. All honor to them for this. But the pioneers and the van-guard do not win the victory. The great army that follows does that.

Not but that there will always be need of a Unitarian or Universalist Church, *or their like*,—that is, of a Church content to be the pioneer church of religious thought, willing in that cause to be small in numbers and spoken against as heretical. Much depends on the candor and courage of the New Orthodoxy. If what is at present known by that name dedicates itself to movement as seriously as it has in the past to establishment, it may be its own pioneer. If it do not, and if we, on the other hand, keep ourselves true to our mission, deliberately refusing the temptation of numbers and organization and establishment and the respectability of Orthodoxy, if we consciously elect to be a Church of the Spirit instead of a Church strong in body, then I see not why Unitarianism or Universalism, as such, may not indefinitely live on. One thing is sure,—the Prophetic Spirit, the God in Man, must always be speaking. Under some name or other, in the great company or detached from it, with organization or without, there will always be a party of progress to which it will be a danger, an inspiration and a joy to belong; always a New Orthodoxy catching up with that brave guard of advance; and always an Old Orthodoxy, the great mass, slowly catching up with its New.

But the question of names and of credits is small. The real matter is the actual approach, the growing unity. I have spoken merely of the approximation in the theory and ideas of religion, and said nothing whatever of the churches working together for the world's good, of their actual co-operation in practical service. That is a subject by itself. The working together seems to be difficult before reconciliation on the side of ideas is consciously realized. Along these three lines—the domination of Doctrine by Principles, the approach in Doctrine itself, and the changing conception of old Doctrine from definition to symbol—along these lines the churches are reaching towards that unity of spirit for which good men are yearning, and which will make the co-operation more and more possible. This is the larger Catholicism. Men are not going to stop dividing in thought; they are going to stop dividing from each other in religion because of division in thought. A difference which would have been permanent in the sixteenth century, and bitter in the early part of the nineteenth, ought to be neither permanent nor bitter in the twentieth. "The terms of pious union with men should be as broad as those of communion with God," says Martineau; and hearts in many a variant Church echo *Amen!* The true unity of the Church is no unity of organization or government, no unity of doctrine or phrase or name, no matter of essential "quadrilaterals" or "trilaterals" or "unilaterals." It may not be even a formal federation, like the federation of independent States in a Union. "That they all may be one," was the simple prayer; and the oneness suggested was of the spirit. The oneness will certainly lie far above the denomination that selfishly presses the question, "*Which* is the one,—mine, or yours?" In this age of free thinking and of lessening arrogance the way of unity in religion lies not through any claim to be "*the* Church." Neither does it lie in eagerness to shed the historic names and invent some new and all-embracing one; but, rather, in frankly spiritualizing such names; in frankly asserting for them the right to have a future history as well as a past; in frankly striving to identify each name with the eternal ethics that knows no history, and letting that furnish the all-embracing term, if it will, when it may. When each religion or denomination, rising to its height, shall recognize its own likeness in every other at *its* height, the "unity" has come.

But plans of union, its conditions, its name, and the like, are, if at all, for the morrows to settle. *Now* is the acceptable time for the simple drawing together of the half-hostile churches in conscious and open friendliness. The unity for *today* lies in glad recognitions of spiritual fellowship, in welcomed communions of worship, in confessed similarities of attitude before the mystery of the Universe and the needs of man, and in the joining of hands to minister to some of those tragic needs. These things are possible *now*. Union to this extent could be brought about this very season in many a spot in our lands,—and the angels in heaven would rejoice!

For oh, the need, the need of the Reconciliation! The world needs it so much in these days of what seems like a declining moral ideal among the civilized nations, that it behooves all ministers, all laymen, to study the problems of Reconciliation in religion as an economy, as a new discipline. The might of a Reconciled Church to achieve good for man! The things that are waiting to be done until earnest men of varying faiths are willing to join with each other, head, heart and hand, to accomplish them!

But, if I mistake not, a beautiful outlook opens before us. It is not a question *whether* the Reconciliation will come, and the things be done, and the wrongs be righted; but *when* it will come, how long it will delay. That time-question lays duty on you and on me. The New Orthodoxy, the New Unitarianism, the New Universalism, yes, and the New Judaism, and the new and reverent Agnosticism,—they ought not to be much longer separate, many. They ought soon to be one. Twenty-five years of this twentieth century, ten years of it, with aimed endeavor, and with humility and religiousness in the endeavors, might work wonders of Reconciliation.

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## Higher Living. XVIII.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine.
—*Longfellow.*

It was very sad to lose your child just when he was beginning to bind himself to you, and I don't know that it is much consolation to reflect that the longer he had wound himself up in your heartstrings, the worse the tear would have been.—*Huxley to his Daughter.*

Dear buds of flesh and blood,
So dear, so dear to me,
I dread the thoughts that dwell
Upon the years to be.

More kind the early blight
Than are the ripening suns;
To blossom is to fall,
My sweet, unfolding ones.

"Only the children's hearts
Go down unhurt, to rest!"
I hear the voice, and hold
You closer to my breast.
—*John Vance Cheney.*

O mother of our angel child! twice dear!
Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wish
Her tender radiance shall enfold us here,
Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,
Threads the void gloom of space without a fear,
To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.
—*Lowell.*

All our possessions begin to tremble, when one very dear is taken. The loss of one child makes prominent the frailty of all. The bloom of health fades as we look upon it. O, how desolate we may be made in a moment! and how wretched

would be our condition if the Power which disposes of us were not benevolent!—*Channing.*

"If God be good, why does he let this be?" cried the mother, as we watched the outgoing of the life of her only little one. "O, my God! Take me, too." And we felt that the cruelest irony of human experience was distracting her, who, so far as we could see, deserved better. And the father tried to comfort her. "Don't, dear. Let us try to think it's all for good. Surely, God will not hurt our baby. There, there! Let us not grieve too loud." But the mother face, if quieter, transmitted the unassuageable agony that millions of mothers have felt before her; the Rachels who have never yet been quite comforted, when this supreme trial of human nature has come. At such moments woman as woman contemplates in fear the probabilities of a divine blunder; as wife she feels herself, by just so much, disproportioned and shrunken; as mother, a part of her very heart has been torn away, and her arms are "O, so empty." She now has fully

"Recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returns with three-fold strength again,"

and life grows hollow; aspiration timid, and God seems very far off! The problem of the empty cradle is indeed a serious one. As it presents itself concretely, there is not only the shock and the loss and the lonesomeness that will not be assuaged, but there is the fear of mistake, the unfaith that comes from narrowed consciousness, and the reflection which humanizes God so completely that his divine nature is eclipsed. And, generally speaking, the brighter, more intelligent parents are, the keener the suffering, the more complete the benumbing of the deeper self. As yet this is so. In time, however, it will not be so; for each hour brings the revelation nearer to all, that, instead of supernatural blundering, and cruelty, and selfishness which must be struggled with and met as best it may, by ignorant, weak, timid mankind, there is everywhere, over all, through all, in all, the divine principle itself, living a life which is high and noble and perfect; and that ourselves, in and of this divinity, are privileged to learn how to meet each ominous, painful fact of life with the knowledge which eternalizes it all, and with the joyous expectancy which connects everything with an immediate heaven. It is our own ignorance, not God's; it is our blundering, our bad faith, our wayward selfness, and no deviation of this, that makes the lifeless cradle so truly the grave of our better nature. Naturally so, too, because, as yet, we ourselves are but children in our comprehension of the larger meanings of life, and in our power to overcome evil with good. Miranda knew not, and feared; her father, Prospero, knew, and was not troubled. And so very childish are we in all our ways of attributing to the Universal Parent what we but half see as truly belonging to our own specific parenthood, that there is no wonder at all that very many of the ways of the kindest, truest parent, or nurse, or even larger being of any kind often appear questionable and cruel and unjust. Yet we know that everywhere the parent heart pities, the parent hand tries to guide and protect, and, really, has only the very best will and wish for the prosperity of its child. And so, supposing that we can see only evidence of mistake or injustice or wanton cruelty; let us always remember that the higher, broader comprehension of the Parent trusts that there is a perfect process of discipline, instruction and growth, and no unkindness or injustice at all. Indeed, let us believe that a better knowledge of God, his purposes and his methods; and an increase of the confidence and happiness which come from learning the divine lesson set and developed in each human experience; or from appreciating a conscious growth of breadth and power and skill along universal lines; or from the deepening and widening of affection and faith as mankind become brethren of one household, even as little children in the school of a Father, until each selfish interest is subordinated to the good of all; that when this is the case, death in the home-flock will soon bring that kind of reaction from the natural sense of grief and loss which stirs, not to pessimism and failure, but to renewal of heart-life, quickening of trust, and an energizing in more intelligent ways than ever before. Indeed,

"Should I not then be glad,
And thanking God, press on to overtake?"

Practically, sickness and death of children should lead, first, to a most industrious endeavor to ascertain the causes, and, second, to making an intelligent provision against recurrence. Each instance is an opportunity, not alone to apply present knowledge and skill, but to learn how to do better. To neglect this opportunity is next to committing a crime against every other member of the household and neighborhood.

Likewise such an experience is one which should unfailingly lead to better knowledge and control of self for the broader needs. It seems hard for a mother to leave her sick baby for requisite exercise, food and sleep. But duty to self, to the sick one, and to all the others, demands, in the light of present knowledge, just this, and nothing less. It is often hard for the father to adapt himself to the needs of the sickroom, but he will not fulfill some of the highest functions of his being if he avoids doing so. It is hard for both to inhibit alarming speech, to look cheerful, to "live natural," when the Death Angel hovers near. But the other little ones looking on need these self-same parents, and all their disciplined, educatory life, now as before. And when the fell crisis comes, it is hard to subdue tears, to substitute smiles, to continue to be the same patient, comforting parents that they have only known. But the impressions which parents themselves may get by aiding in this wholesome way, if once comprehended, inspires to a most determined effort to make even the going out of a life, the opening for more life and light to enter in. Tears for the dead. Yes. But smiles for the living in great overcoming abundance, for their sake, if not ours.

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way."

And when the questions come, "Mamma, why don't Charlie wake up?" "Where is heaven?" "Won't he ever come back?" Oh, what a time now for the whole family to grow in grace and knowledge—in simplicity of conception, in kindly feeling for all mankind! To the winds, now, with incomprehensible creeds and Calibanic theologies; and let the sweet comfort of a Father's love take their place. "As a mother pitieth her children;" "I am come that ye might have life;" "We are His children just as you are ours; we will love each other living, and God loves us, too." "In our memory our Charlie will come back to us often, and we will be glad to go to him sometime." Of all things, let the home spirit and the hourly life be such as will convince the young folk that no divine mistake has been made, no distrust prevails, no hope has been overshadowed. What parents and children both affirm and confirm now will go with them forever. Do we not all remember the sweet-faced mother who said to her puzzled boy: "I bore, I tended and trained Mary for my Father, and now He has come for her"? And the good man by her side, who said: "Yes, my son, that is what we are all for; let us always be ready to go"?

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## Notes.

On the table lies *"The Abandoned Farmer," by Sydney H. Preston;* published, we are sorry to say, by Charles Scribner & Son. Books with this imprint are so invariably excellent that we regret to say that we cannot conceive any possible reason why this volume should ever have been published. It does not contain a line above the level of very ordinary newspaper writing. It is a case of smartness from beginning to end. We have had quite enough of this farcical effort at satirizing farm life. The author evidently could have written a tolerable book if he had not supposed that he was writing a witty one. One or two characters, if handled with discretion, might have been made somewhat interesting; but in every case, what promises to be entertaining tumbles headlong into a mush of very cheap joking. The book will do to circulate where helpful literature is not needed. We hope Mr. Preston will not waste his talent hereafter on rubbish.

*"The Life and Times of William Lowndes of South Carolina," by Mrs. St. Julien Revenel, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* You may open this book for an ordinary biography, and you will hardly find it. It is a biography—in places almost autobiographical. But it is not in the rut; the English, or the New England rut. It is all over a Southern book. We have had a lot of rubbish passed off as Southern. It is no such thing; it is a satire on Southern habits and Southern style, gotten up to sell. Col. Carter is no more a representative Southern gentleman than Uncle Tom was a representative slave. When we get real Southern literature we shall have a grand addition to our national sentiment, vision, and expression. The South has preserved its idiosyncrasy, its characteristics, its sectionalism, and its traditional prides. These we want to hear from, and shall hear from. The book before us, when we call it Southern, is a better sample of real Southern life and Southern thought put into type. Lowndes was a strong and fine character; a South Carolinian of the purest type. This type we hope will not be destroyed by the dirty partisanship that has recently come to the front in that state. We need it restored and strengthened. The whole nation needs men of the John C. Calhoun and William Lowndes type once more as exemplars of character. Unblemished, with an ambition unsullied by selfishness, these men are some of the finest products America has produced. The style of this book is terse, clear, and sufficiently full in detail. It is a story so charming, and so well told, that if it could be made to take the place of any one of the recent novels, I imagine it would be grateful reading, in all intelligent classes.

As the complete contrast to "The Abandoned Farmer," I lay down the book entitled *"Back to the Soil," or "From Tenement House to Farm Colony"; by Bradley Gilman, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale; published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.* This book is one calculated to do a vast amount of good. Mr. Hale says that the publishers asked him to add his influence to make the public take the book, "Not as another Utopia, but as a real contribution to the scientific sociological work of this new century." He tells us that Frederick Law Olmsted once said to him that he considered urbanizing the country of far more importance than improving the health and beauty of the cities. The object of the book is to attack the terrible problem of decentralizing population. Within the last seventy-five years, America has done exactly what Thomas Jefferson said it would do, if it turned to the encouragement of manufactures, to the depression of agriculture; it has developed the worst phases of European life—the degradation and degeneration which characterize all the denser populated districts and cities of the Old Continent. This book, the author tells us, has for its aim to help to counteract the concentering of population; and to show the hopeful possibilities of country life. "It depicts in fiction form the concrete conditions under which country life should be undertaken; and it points out many of the resources of the country which thus far have been overlooked." E. P. P.

## The Asian Book-Shelf.

This *History of Chinese Literature* is a volume in Appleton's *Literatures of the World* series. Perhaps Mr. Giles is the best equipped man for writing such a work in English. He has lived in China, is an excellent Chinese scholar, has written widely regarding Chinese affairs, and possesses an easy and delightful English style. His book is at once scholarly and interesting. Mr. Giles states that it is the first attempt made in any language, including Chinese, to produce a history of Chinese literature. The field is a vast one. Existing literary monuments, it is true, do not go back beyond Confucius in the sixth century B. C. But it was the loving task of that great man to gather what the ancients had left and some of his materials no doubt go back to the twenty-fourth century B. C. Since Confucius, China has produced an enormous number of authors in every field of literature. We cannot, of course, examine Mr. Giles' work exhaustively, but we may briefly refer to a few salient features. Chronicle and poetry are among the earliest Chinese literary forms. The Confucian "Book of Odes" consists of a collection of rhymed ballads, in various meters, usually four words to the line, composed between the reign of the Great Yu (about 2205 B. C.) and the beginning of the sixth century B. C. There are 305 poems in the collection and they are believed to have been selected out of 3,000 which were available. Some are pretty in sentiment and graceful in form. Simple expressions of emotion and thought of an early people, they have been curiously misunderstood by many of the Chinese *literati* after the time of Confucius. These have been unwilling to take them at their simple face value and have read into them profound moral and political significance. In fact, astonishing exegesis has been indulged. Chinese poetry reached its finest development in the T'ang dynasty, A. D. 600-900. "The complete collection of the poetry of the T'ang dynasty published in 1707 A. D., contains 48,900 poems of all kinds arranged in 900 books and filling thirty good sized volumes." Since that Golden Age Chinese poetry has lost much. While creditable prices are still produced, as a whole the art is rigid and hampered by rule, with little originality or freshness in thought or sentiment. In his different chapters (for he pursues a chronological method in his discussion, treating dynasty by dynasty), Mr. Giles describes the characteristic poetical forms of different periods and gives abundant examples in translation.

Two highly popular literary forms in China to-day are the drama and the novel. Neither is old, both having come in with the Mongol dynasty, 1200-1368 A. D. The amount of such literature produced has been enormous. Apart from its literary value this has other and high importance for foreign students. In the play and the novel, better than anywhere else, we see the inner life and thought of a people and catch a reflection of their psychology. While this field in

"A History of Chinese Literature." Herbert A. Giles. D. Appleton Co., New York. 1901. 120 pp. viii, 448. $1.50.

Chinese literature plainly shows that all the world is kin, it equally emphasizes the prodigious difference in view-point between the Chinese and European nations.

In dictionaries, encyclopedias, materia medica, works of practical jurisprudence, agriculture and history the Chinese have been voluminous producers. It is true that much of this learning has no value in our eyes; to modern science much of it is rubbish. But it is worthy of preservation and its careful sifting would contribute greatly to many ranges of our Western thought. Probably the most marvelous literary work ever produced is the *Yung Lo Ta Tien.* It was compiled in the reign of the third emperor of the Ming dynasty, who mounted the throne in 1403 A. D. It is an encyclopedia which occupied 2,169 scholars for three years under the guidance of five chief directors and twenty sub-directors. "Judging from the accounts published in 1795, it must have run to over 500,000 pages. It has never been printed because of the cost of the block-cutting; but under a subsequent reign two extra copies were taken, and one of these, imperfect to the extent of about 20,000 pages, is still in the Han-lin college at Peking." Among many losses due, directly or indirectly, to the recent invasion and looting of the old empire by "civilized" and "Christian" nations is this remarkably literary monument. On June 23, 1900, the Han-lin college was burned to the ground. Probably few volumes of the *Yung Lo Ta Tien* were saved. For almost two millennia civilized lands have mourned the loss of the Alexandrine library and for centuries we of West European culture have reprobated the callousness and carelessness that made such a loss possible. But in China, within a year back America and England, France and Germany, Russia and Japan, have destroyed treasures of art, masterpieces of technique, and literary monuments with a ruthlessness which one cannot find among savages or barbarians. Not that the burning of the Han-lin college was done by the foreign forces; it can but indirectly be attributed to the invasion of a friendly nation in time of peace. We have said enough of Mr. Giles' book to indicate its high value and great interest.

Turning now to Lafcadio Hearn's *Shadowings* we find it written in that author's inimitable style. The bulk of the volume deals with Japanese topics, but the latter part is composed of *Fantasies.* In them Mr. Hearn's fancy touches upon such weird and quaint subjects as levitation and night-mare touch. They are highly characteristic and interesting. The rest of the book is about equally divided between *Stories from Strange Books* and *Japanese Studies.* The curious old Japanese stories in the original must be wonderfully naive and have lost naught of their charm and directness in the retelling; they are marked by the delicacy and affection with which Mr. Hearn touches all Japanese topics. The "Studies," three in number, deal with *Semi, Japanese Female Names,* and *Old Japanese Songs.* All are interesting but that on *Semi* is most curious. *Semi* are *cicadae* ("locusts" as we often incorrectly call them). These noisy insects have made a profound impression on many ancient peoples. They were great favorites with the old Greeks, who tell a story of how one saved the reputation of a musician by taking up the note when a string of his lyre broke. In China and Japan we find a similar fondness for the cicada's music. In the latter country there are a number of different species each with its note and season. In the study of these kinds, their music, and Japanese poetry relative to them, Mr. Hearn produces a unique and interesting article.

FREDERICK STARR.

"Shadowings." Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1901. pp. 268. $1.50.

## Katherine Day.

This is a good novel and much better worth reading than some of the novels of the time that have proved more attractive than this is likely to. It abounds in honest, serious and solid work. But it is not a little strange that Miss Fuller should have passed from her short story in which she was remarkably successful to a novel of 613 pages. It need not have been so long. There is at various points a degree of elaboration that would satisfy the exigent ideal of Mr. Henry James in this respect. It is also strange that the admirable humor which Miss Fuller displayed so liberally in her short stories is here so much in abeyance. But, while these qualifications are not to the book's advantage, it is nevertheless a good book, no part of it better than the opening chapter which describes with much agreeable particularity the boy and girl life of Katherine and her brother, Archie Day. The success of George Eliot in painting the boy and girl life of Tom and Maggie Tulliver has made it hard for anyone attempting a similar task to achieve a result that bears comparison with that. But if Katherine Day and Archie are not Tom and Maggie Tulliver, they stand firmly enough on their own feet and many, looking on them, will see their own boy and girl features as in a glass. Cousin Tom, who is the formal and yet very real hero of the book, is admirably conceived; so, too, is his wife, Winnie Gerald, in her consistent selfishness. We should hardly go wrong, however, if we said that Grandmother Day is the best character in the story, though we might hesitate in rating the maiden aunt inferior to her. But the grandmother is certainly a delightful piece of ancient womanhood. The story is an unmitigated love-story, but the love of Katherine for her brother is perhaps the best wool of the sheep. The timely decease of Tom's wife is an event which Mr. Howells would not tolerate. He would accuse Miss Fuller of playing the *deus ex machina* and killing off the lady in a purely arbitrary manner. And in truth the Winnie Geralds do not so conveniently take themselves off in real life as here. They survive Roman fever and all kinds of diseases and mishaps. But Tom and Katherine deserve each other when at last they come into their own. They fight a good fight and they keep the faith. There is no letting down of the great ethical laws. There are no base concessions to the strength of passion or the weakness of the strained and tortured will. The tone of the book is morally bracing, and the moral inheres in the substance of the story without diminution of its effectiveness as a piece of art.

J. W. C.

## From "Early Poems and Fragments."

When evening comes and shadows gray
Steal out across the glimmering bay
And tremble in the air between;

When evening comes and shadows green
Are shaken down across the moor
From willow trees along the shore;

When evening stoops across the hill
Towards the sunset glowing still
And fills the hollow glen with shade;

When evening gathers in the glade;
And all the little beasts now run
That erst were hidden from the sun;

Then do I hear the footsteps fall
That bitter day hears not at all;
Then is the sunset like a door
That leads me on to more and more,
Till in the quietness of night
I find a freedom and a light,
Eternal such as nowhere glows
From any sun that ever rose.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.

# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Each moment holy is, for out from God
Each moment flashes forth a human soul.
MON.—Tell to the wind
Thy private woes, but not to human ear,
Save in the shape of comfort for thy kind.
TUES.—Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes.
WED.—I think, sometimes, it were best just to let the Lord alone;
I am sure some people forget He was here before they came.
THURS.—Where the strife is fiercest
Thee I seek.
FRI.—He alone is the giver
Who swears that his gift is naught.
SAT.—In this breathing world of joy and fear
They can no nearer get to God than here.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

## Truth in Homespun.

A king, by right and nature grown,
Is king without a crown or throne;
Simplicity but marks his kingliness;
No crown or throne or signet ring
Can make a knave seem more a king,
The purple only makes him seem the less.

The boor, of any style or ilk,
Is but the greater boor in silk.
The garb but marks the more his boorishness;
No person ever yet that rose
Above himself by help of clothes.
The manner makes the man, and not the dress.

—*The Truth Seeker.*

## The Boy Lincoln's Love for a Pet Pig.

"One beautiful, moonlight night we were walking on a country road, and noticed, just ahead of us, six little pigs and their noses close together. Lincoln said: 'Those little things are lost; let's help them to find their mother.' We stirred them up, and, with grunt, sniff, and snort, they ran down the road. At length, they found a hole in the fence, and the mother in the field, just beyond. Lincoln said: 'I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a little boy, six years old, I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born, and I was so interested that they could not get me away from them. The man filled me with supreme delight by saying: "You may have one of those pigs if you can get him home." "I will attend to that," I said. I had on a tow shirt, reaching to my ankles—one which my mother had woven—and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. I made a fold in the garment, and in it, as a sack, I carried my pig home. I got an old bee-gum—a hollow log—put corn-shucks, stalks and leaves into it for a bed, and tucked him away for the night. He squealed for his mother nearly all night. In the morning I carried him feed meal and bran, bread, milk—everything I could think of—but he would not touch any of them. He did not seem to have time or energy for anything but to squeal.

" 'At length my mother said to me: "Abe, take that pig back home; it will die if you keep it here." What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him, and he so glad to see her! After she had given him his dinner he looked so pretty that I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in the tow sack, as I had done before, and took him to our house. Mother protested, and I cried; she broke down and relented, and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him, and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, when we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good. That pig was my companion. I played with him, and taught him tricks. We used to play hide-and-go-seek; I can see his little face now, peeking around the corner of the house to see whether I was coming after him. After awhile he got too heavy for me to carry around, and then he followed me everywhere—to the barn, to the plowed ground, and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods, brushing the leaves away, helping him to find acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell and rub against my legs, and stop in front of me, and lie down before me, and say, in the language which I understood, "Abe, why don't you carry me, as you used to do?" When he grew larger I turned the tables on him, and made him carry me; and he did it just as happily as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn—piles of it—and how he did eat! He grew large—too large for his happiness and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the table I heard father say he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart got as heavy as lead. The next morning father had the barrel of water ready and was heating the stones that were to be thrown into it to make hot water for the scalding. I slipped out, and took my pig with me to the forest. When father found out what had happened he yelled as loud as he could, "You, Abe, fetch back that hog! You, Abe! fetch back that hog!" The louder he called, the farther and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of the voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning I was severely scolded. After a restless night I rose early, and went to get my pig for another day's hiding, but found that father had risen before me and fastened my pet in the pen. I knew that all hope was gone. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not gone far when I heard the pig squeal, and, knowing what it meant, I ran as fast as I could to get away from the sound. Being quite hungry at noon, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog, dressed, hanging from a pole near the house, and I began to blubber. I could not stand it, and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my appetite till night, when I returned home. They could not get me to take any of the meat, neither tenderloin nor rib nor sausage nor souse, and even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it.

" 'The next morning I went into the yard, and saw the red place on the ground where my pet's throat had been cut with the knife. Taking a chip, I scraped the blood and the hair, that had been scattered, into a pile and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the folds of my tow shirt and strewed over the ground to cover up every trace of the killing of my pet. The dirt did not do its work very well, for to this day, whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to my pet pig and to the old home and the dear ones there.' "

Tears filled the captain's eyes when Mr. Lincoln finished this simple, touching recital of his lost pet's fate. "It gave me a clearer insight into the great heart of Lincoln," he said, "than years of close association could have done." The kindness of his heart was not merely veneer—it was the grain of solid wood. He could not help being tender any more than the song birds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbrier his mother planted could avoid being fragrant. It was easy, even then, for me to see how the boy, so tender to his first pet, might grow to the stature of the man who became one of the noblest exponents of American manhood, and whose career will be quoted as a model as long as our nation endures.—*Success.*

# UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.



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## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

CHICAGO SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools will open its fifth season Tuesday evening, October 8, at All Souls' Church, with a discussion of "The Old Testament Narratives in the Light of Modern Criticism." Rev. W. H. Pulsford, of the First Unitarian Society, widely known through his published Sunday school lessons on Old Testament topics, will give the opening address. All interested in this timely topic will be welcome. (Supper at a quarter past six and the meeting proper an hour later.)

CHICAGO: UNITY CHURCH.—The all-absorbing topic of the President's assassination brought Rev. Albert Lazenby speedily back from his New England trip to speak the needed calm but impressive words in a sermon entitled "Progress Not By Force." Then on the 19th the congregations of the Church of the Messiah and of Hull Memorial Chapel joined with that at Unity Church in a joint memorial service, at which ex-Congressman George E. Adams gave the address. Mr. Adams dwelt on the way in which the press of greater and greater responsibility had made an able and farsighted statesman out of one who at first seemed to him to be a protectionist and nothing more. He also plead for wise deliberation in any new legislation, deploring the hasty action of the Virginia lawmakers who had voted to curtail the right of speech in that state.

UNITARIAN ROOMS. — The Unitarian headquarters at 175 Dearborn street have been moved to other rooms on the fifth floor of the same building, where UNITY as well as other liberal reading matter will always be found on file. It is hoped that the new rooms will soon become familiar to all in and about Chicago who are interested in liberal religious progress.

## Foreign Notes.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—That is a very tender and lovable trait in human nature which finds expression in the old saying: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and surely it has seldom had wider exemplification than in the case of our third martyred President. In this country, at least, all criticism for the time seemed hushed in face of the common sorrow.

Yet President McKinley stood for ideals and for methods of so tremendous effect on American life that in this time of national humiliation, grief and self-examination we may well pass them in review with the searching question how far they really are America's ideals, how far they have raised or lowered us in the esteem of those who looked to America to lead the world in ways of love and righteousness. To do this it is well to take note of more than the words of eulogy that come from other lands, to ponder the dispassionate, disinterested estimates of those who wish us well yet dare to criticise. In this spirit I give some extracts from editorials in the *Journal de Geneve*.

"President McKinley had not the great virtues of Lincoln, he was not one to arouse in the same degree the envy of those who hate any man of whom the world speaks too well. If he dies he will leave behind him an America very different from that he found on his accession to power. In fact, his Presidency, recently renewed, held great surprises for all the world.

"Of that country where free trade had been a dogma and was long a vital necessity, he made a fortress and a center of expansion of protection, for the success obtained in America by this commercial system speedily brought it imitators; furthermore, as in all war, it created war; tariff aginst tariff, as in the other militarism vessel to match vessel and cannon for cannon,

"Under McKinley, who was not a very great man, but who has been a daring innovator, the United States, which were playing no part in the great game of world politics, have acquired an army and a navy, and taken rank not only among the people's best armed, but also those most eager to make use of their arms; they have defeated and despoiled Spain, or what was left of the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella, and using the right of the stronger, they have possessed themselves of Cuba and the Philippines, illustrating—as has been seen more than once in history, in the case of Greece, Rome, Venice, Genoa, even Switzerland herself, and later France—the paradox of republics conquering but not dying immediately of that self-contradiction, which is none the less an evil germ leading eventually to disease and death.

"The extraordinary development of commerce born of protective tariffs and nourished by war and its conquests, has had here, as everywhere, for accompaniment the development of diseases peculiar to itself: speculation, the gambling fever, questionable enterprises and those secret organizations which make a nation still apparently free the victim of criminal combinations and dishonest compacts. Tammanys are a natural growth where republican virtue no longer has the strength to struggle against them and disarms before the aggressive violence of their appetites.

"All this history, which has its glories, but also its defects and its faults, will be linked with the memory of this man, whom the hand of an assassin has just struck down. . . . Death will not make of him a great man, as it revealed in Lincoln a great citizen, one of the noble figures of his time; though his contemporaries had hardly suspected it. History shows twenty McKinleys to one Lincoln, in other words, twenty clever scene adjusters able to exploit for their own popularity the qualities, and still more, the defects, great and small, of their time, for one man of heart and courage capable of forgetting self to accomplish the duty set before him . . . the day that he was tested by destiny.

"Protectionism carried to its extreme, accompanied by the conquest of Cuba and the Philippines even, will not suffice, it seems to us, to enroll this name among the great ones of history. Perhaps the only conclusion to be drawn from this accident is that it is the logical consequence of the excessive tolerance which, under the rule of this protectionist warrior, America has shown for the liberty of political assassination taught in the secret academies of Paterson."

After his death the same paper spoke as follows:

"This conqueror who during his lifetime conducted two great wars, one commercial by means of tariffs, the other one of conquest, at the cannon's mouth, did not perhaps in his last hour wholly regret dying the death of a soldier. He died, at any rate, the death of a Christian. His last words were: 'It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done.' In these sons of the Puritans there is a depth of religion, which accompanies them through life, mingles in their actions and even their business, and makes more easy to them than to others, and also more solemn, the great passage we call death.

"This life, or at least the eight years of it which will pass into history, has not been wholly devoted to works of peace. This president was bellicose in several senses of the word: he inaugurated the customs war, and with active energy, under pretexts whose morality may be questioned, after his death as they were during his lifetime, he confiscated the liberty of two peoples to whom independence had been promised, and who found themselves one fine day annexed to the conquering republic of the United States whether they would or no. This is not commendable and it is not thus that Washington would have acted.

"Yet, as often happens, this conqueror never doubted his right, and it was in all surety of conscience that he extended the boundaries of his country at the expense of those of others. He would not have wronged any man, and it was solely in affairs of state that he made use of ruse and violence. While his career as a public man called out many and just criticisms —such as we ourselves have not hesitated to express on occasion—his private life has never given ground for the least reproach, and he quitted this world at peace with himself, with earth and with heaven, persuaded that he had nothing to reproach himself with, having never sinned save through love of the public welfare. . . . His memory will not perish, because he leaves as souvenir of his passage through this world the annexation of Cuba and the Philippines and because his name will figure among the great victims of the political furors of his time, in the first year of the twentieth century. Either one of thes two glories would be sufficient to preserve his name from oblivion."

These are not pleasant words for an American to read, but it is well for us to know that such views of us are soberly he'd across the water and where they cannot be the outcome of jealousy or fear.

M. E. H.

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Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can.
Long live the good school giving out year by year
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear.

—*Whittier.*

## Sunset and Evening on Tower Hill.

I sing the charms of Tower Hill,
Of its wooded fragrance, sweet and still,
That sinks in the soul till it drinks its fill.
The flowers and trees and vines are there,
Folding us round with their scented air;
And we are there—not far, but near,
The murmuring voice of the woods we hear:
Lowly juniper, stately pine,
Friendly oak, and sweet woodbine,
Guarding us round on every side,
Welcoming all with fraternal pride,
Twining their branches with graceful shade
Of flitting, sun-flecked shadows, made
By the trees with their leafy branches wide—
These brother thoughts on our Nature side;
Making our lonely moments bright,
Sweetly communing morn, noon, and night.

Their strange, soft voices we learn to know
When the twilight comes and the breezes blow,
And the evening drops its golden fringe,
And the birch tree sighs, and the pine tree sings,
And the juniper scent
Floats into the tent
On the quiet wings of the evening song.
Then the twilight charm comes creeping along
Through the whispering trees whose murmuring prayer
Fills the forest cathedral everywhere,—
Floating along with the evening song,
Peacefully quiet, serenely strong,
Toward the fleecy tints of the golden west,
Where the radiant sun, in the brilliant vest
Of a cardinal saint, is bending low
In a benediction stately and slow,
O'er the woodland's peaceful evening prayer.
A moment only he lingers there,
Then reverently bows, and glides from our sight,
Leaving the earth in a dim twilight.

Then the river fair makes the soul aware
As it flows along with never a care,
Bending here and turning there,
Through wooded islands everywhere,
Winding away in an endless play
To the distant west of the fading day;
Quiet and placid, now swift, now slow,
Reflecting the stately trees below
As it soon will reflect the afterglow
Of the sunset it mirrored a moment ago
When the cardinal light,
Radiant, bright,
Tinted the clouds with a beautiful glow
To illumine the dark, still waters below;
And the golden west
Cast its flaming vest
On the glimmer that winds thru the wooded plain
Where thousands of years the river has lain.

Toiling away, floating away,
Through the night's darkness into the day;
Through the bright sunshine, happy and gay;
Playing at work, work that is play;
Through the dim twilight, placid and gray,
Toiling and floating away, away.
While my soul moves on in its earnest quest,
Seeking the sun's afterglow in the west.

Then the woodland charm for a moment vies
To persuade the soul from the western skies;
The white-barred wings of the night hawks strong,
Through the rhythmic air go sailing along,
Gracefully curving,
Turning, and swerving,
Darting here, and circling there,
In perfect time, as they poise in the air;
And a deepening gloom seems to fall from their wing,
As the night of song
Comes floating along,
With its rhythmic swing;
And the bat's swift wing
Signals the gathering evening spell
Whose soothing voices around us swell.

Then the lingering tints of the west grow strong
To reclaim the soul from the night of song;
Soft are their colors, peaceful their flow,
Wrapping the sky in a tender glow.
Hid by the hills of the far-away west,
That still wear a halo of light on their crest,
The cardinal sun, in his golden bark,
Crosses the shadows dreary and dark,
And enters the everlasting door.

Then his dazzling glory reflects once more
Through heaven's cathedral windows bright
A thousand radiant tints of light—
Modest and soft, lingering, slow,
Filling the west with a wonderful glow,
Driving the night spell back once more,
Calling the soul, thru heaven's wide door,
To the glorious west, whose curtains of gold
Are unveiling the stars from their lingering fold.
Gentle and modest, dainty and bright,
They float through the fields of Elysian light;
Softly they fade from the clouds in the west,
While the darkness gathers the earth to rest,
And the soul sinks back from heaven's wide door,
And the charm departs. But no, once more
The evening song
Comes floating along
With its rhythmic swing,
And the bat's swift wing
Signals the gathering evening spell;
And the night's love song, with orchestral swell
Of violin notes from cicada's wing,
Breaks forth, while crickets and night birds sing
Their song of love on hillside and tree,
Thus swelling the woodland harmony.
The cricket note of the first violin,
The turtle's drum that anon breaks in
With a perfect beat; the loud, clear tone
Of the big bull frog's immense trombone;
And the chorus of tree toad voices tense,
That sound like the winded instruments—
All join the harmonious orchestral swell
Of the night's entrancing rhythmic spell.

Then the plaintive song of the whip-poor-will
Pours forth its soul from the side of the hill
To this wonderful love accompaniment,
As his thrilling tenor voice intent
Thus prays for love's sweet chastisement:
"O Whip-poor-Will,
If 'twill but still
This aching breast
With love's bequest,"
Is the sad, sweet strain of the soloist;
While the juniper scent
Floats into the tent
On the quiet wings of the evening song;
Then the pine needles drop on the canvas above,
With frankincense of brotherly love,
And the frisk flying squirrel leaps here and there
On the white-roofed tent, through the evening air;
Then back again to the guardian trees,
Keeping time to the tune of the rustling breeze.

Now the moon from the fleecy clouds looks out
And lavishly scatters her wealth about,
As his silvery beams drive the night away,
And fleck the woodland with shadows of gray:
Then the owl comes out
And gazes about
With a dull, stage daze of dumb distress,
But the wise conceit of a soloist;
A moment only he trembles with fright,
Then pours out his soul on the silvery night
With a strange, weird hoot—
"Oo-oo! to who!
To who! to whit!
To who! to who!"
A most sepulchral voice to woo—
"Oo-oo! oo-oo!
To who! to who!"
He sings to his mate neath the soft waning moon,
In a sad baritone, his doleful love tune.

And I lie in my tent,
While the juniper scent
Creeps into my soul, and a soft, sweet dream
Steals into my life on the moon's silver beam;
And my thoughts flow out to the harmony
Of nature's great love symphony,
As the evening voices fade away
Toward the fleecy clouds of silver and gray,
And the Spirit of Sleep that bade them cease
Has wrapped my soul into woodland peace.

HERMAN F. HEGNER.

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